

That *Charles* may wear His *Dien et Mondroit*,  
And Thou the Noble Garter'd *Honi Soit*.  
And when thy aged Corps shall yeild to Fate,  
God save that soul that sav'd our *Church and State* :  
There thou shalt have a glorious Crown, I know,  
Who Crown'dst our King and Kingdoms here below.  
But who shall finde a Pen fit for thy glory ?  
Or make Posterity believe thy Story.

*Vive St GEORGE.*

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14  
THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF  
Christopher Loue  
AT  
TOWER-HILL.

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By the Ingenious AUTHOR of  
*ITER BOREALE.*

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L O N D O N,

Printed for Francis Eggesfield at the Marigold in  
S. Pauls Church-yard: 1660.

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THE  
T R A G E D Y  
OF

*Christopher Love At Tower Hill.*

*Prologue.*

**N**EW from a slaughtred Monarchs Herse I come  
A mourner to a Murthr'd Prophets Tombe :  
Pardon, Great *Charls* his Ghost, my Muse had stood  
Yet three years longer, till sh'had wept a flood ;  
Too mean a Sacrifice for Royall Blood.

But she must go, Heaven do by Thunder call  
For her attendance at *L O V E'S* Funeral.

Forgive Great Sir, this Sacriledge in me,  
The tenth Tear he must have, it is his Fee ;  
'Tis due to him, and yet tis stol'n from Thee.

*ARGUMENT.*

'Twas when the raging Dog did rule the Skies,  
And with his Scorching face did tyrannize,  
When cruel *Cromwell*, Whelp of that mad Star,  
But sure more fiery than his Syre by far ;

Had

Had dryed the Northern Fife, and with his heat  
 Put frozen *Scotland* in a Bloody sweat :  
 When he had Conquered, and his furious Train  
 Had chas'd the North-Bear, and pursu'd *Charl's*  
 Into the *English* Orb ; then 'twas thy Fate (waine  
 (Sweet *LOVE*) to be a present for our State.  
 A greater Sacrifice there could not come,  
 Then a Divine to bleed his welcome home :  
 For He, and *Herod*, think no dish so good,  
 As a *John Baptists* Head serv'd up in blood.

### ACT I.

The *Philistins* are set in their High Court, (sport :  
 And *LOVE*, like *Sampsons*, fetch'd to make them  
 Unto the Stake the smiling Prisoner's brought;  
 Not to be try'd, but baited, most men thought;  
 Monsters, like men, must worry him : and thus  
 He fights with Beasts, like *Paul* at *Ephesus*.  
*Adams*, *Far* and *Huntington*, with all the pack  
 Of foysing Hounds were set upon his back.  
*Prideaux* and *Keeble* stands and cries a'loe ;  
 It was a full Cry, and it would not doe.  
 Oh how he foyl'd them, standers-by did swear,  
 That he the Judge and they the Traytors were :  
 For there he prov'd, although he seem'd a Lambe,  
 Stout, like a Lyon, from whose Den he came !

## ACT H.

It is Decreed ; nor shall thy worth, dear *L O V E*,  
 Resist their Vows, nor their revenge remove.  
 Though prayers were joyn'd to prayers, & tears to  
 No softness in their Rocky hearts appears, (tears  
 Nor Heaven nor Earth abate their fury can  
 But they will have thy Head, thy Head, good  
 Sure some she sectary longed, and in hast (Man.  
 Must try how Presbyterian Blood did tast.  
 'Tis fit she have the best, and therefore thine,  
 Thine must be broach'd, blest St. its drink Divine.  
 No sooner was the dreadful Sentence read,  
 The Prisoner straight bowd his condemned Head  
 And by that humble posture told them all,  
 It was an Head that did not fear a fall.

## ACT III.

And now he with'd the fatall stroke were given  
 I'm sure our Martyr longs to be in Heaven;  
 And heaven to have him there; one moments blow  
 Makes him triumphant, but here comes his woe.  
 His enemies will grant a months suspence  
 If't be but for the nonce to keep him thence :  
 And that he may tread in his Saviours wayes,  
 He shall be tempted too, his forty dayes :  
 And with such baits too, cast thy self but down,  
 Fall, and but worship, and your life's your own.  
 Thus



Thus cry'd his Enemies, and 'twas their pride  
 To wound his Body, and his Soul beside.  
 One plot they have more, when their other fail,  
 If Divels cannot, Disciples may prevail,  
 Lets tempt him by his friends, make *Peter* cry  
 Good Master spare thy self, and do not die.  
 One friend intreats, a second weeps, a third  
 Cries your Petition wants the other word :  
 I'll write it for you, saith a fourth ; your life,  
 Your life Sir, cries a fift ; pity your Wife,  
 And the Babe in her : thus this Diamonds cut,  
 By Diamonds only, and to terrour put.  
 Me thinks I hear him still, you wound my heart ;  
 Good friends forbear, for every word's a dart :  
 'Tis cruell pity, this I do professe :  
 You'd love me more, if you did love me lesse :  
 Friends, Children, Wife, Life, all are dear I know,  
 But all's too dear, if I should buy them so.  
 Thus like a Rock that routs the waves he stands,  
 And snaps a sunder, *Sampson*-like these bands.

#### ACT IV.

The day is come, the Prisoner longs to go,  
 And chides the lingring Sun for tarrying so.  
 Which blushing seems to answer from the skie,  
 That it was loath to see a Martyr die.



Me thinks I hear beheaded Saints above

Call to each other, Sirs, make room for *Love*.

Who, when he came to tread the fatall Stage,

Which prov'd his glory, and his Enemies rage;  
His blood nere run to's heart, Christs blood was

Reviving it, his own was all to spare; (there  
Which rising in his Checks, did seem to say,

Is this the blood you thirst for; tak't I pray.

Spectators in his looks such life did see,

That they appear'd more like to die than he,  
But oh his speech, me thinks I hear it still;

It ravish'd Friends, and did his enemies kill,  
His keener words did their sharp Axe exceed,

That made his head, but he their hearts to bleed:  
Which he concludes with gracious prayer, and so

The Lamb lay down, & took the butchers blow:  
His Soul makes Heaven shine brighter as a Star,

And now we're sure ther's one Saint *Christopher*.

### ACT V.

*LOVE* lyes a bleeding, and the world shall see  
Heaven Act a part in this black Tragedy.

The Sun no sooner spide the Head o'th floore,

But he pull'd in his own, and look'd no more:

The Clouds which scattered, and in colours were,

Met all together, and in black appear:

Lightnings, which fil'd the air with blazing light,

Did

Did serve for Torches all that dismall night :  
 In which, and all next day for many howers,  
 Heaven groan'd in Thunder, & did weep in sho-  
 Nor do I wonder that God Thundred so (wers.  
 When his Bonaerges murdered lay below :  
 Witnesſes trembled, *Prideaux, Bradshaw, Keble,*  
 And all the guilty Court look'd pale and feeble.  
 Timoreous *Jenkins*, and cold-hearted *Drake*  
 Hold out, you need no base Petitions make ;  
 Your enemies thus Thunder-struck no doubt,  
 Will be beholding to you to go out.  
 But if you will Recant, now thundring Heaven  
 Such approbation to *LOVES* Cause hath given,  
 I'll adde but this, your Conſciences, perhaps,  
 Ere long ſhall feel far greater Thunder-claps.

### Epilogue.

*But ſtay, my Muſe growes fearful too, and muſt  
 Begge that theſe Lines be buried with thy duſt :  
 Shelter, Bleſt LOVE, this verſe within thy ſhroud,  
 For none but Heaven dares take thy part aloud.  
 The Author begs this, leaſt if he be known,  
 Whiſt he bewailes thy Head, he looſe his own.*

## FINIS.

TO THE  
**KINGS**  
MOST SACKED  
**MAJESTY,**  
*Upon his Happy and Glorious*  
**RETURN**  
An endeavourd  
**POEM.**

BY  
**SAMUEL WILLES.**

*Cressa ne careat pulchra dies nota.*

Horat.

LONDON,

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